

Saving Silver at the Mint.

Perhaps the most interesting scheme for the recovery of waste silver at the local mint is that applied to the utensils of the melting gang. The big trou stirring rods, the dippers, the strainers and the ladles that come in contact with the molten metal are laid aside at intervals and sent down stairs. They are covered with what looks like brown rust, but is really oxidized silver.

Suppose, to digress a moment, one desired to get a coat of paint off the outside of a house. In such event the plan of scraping away the house and leaving the shell of paint standing would be regarded as somewhat eccentric, yet that is substantially the method adopted at the mint. The implements are placed in baths of sulphuric acid, which attacks the iron or steel, but leaves the silver untouched. Little by little a strainer, for instance, will entirely disappear.

That is to say, the original strainer disappears and leaves in its place a hollow silver counterpart, delicate as an eggshell. They are very curious, these fragile casts. Their surface is a sort of natural filigree, honeycombed with innumerable fantastic perforations. The reproduction of a bolt or screw is sometimes as perfect as an electrotype, but they are hurried remorselessly back to the crucible and thus pursue their cycle until at last they find their Karma in a molten coil.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wills of Some Women.

"Some women derive a great deal of enjoyment out of making their wills," remarked a lawyer the other day. "They change them as often as they change their gowns. It is only a few days ago that I came down to my office to find one of my fair clients anxiously awaiting me. She was in a great state of nervousness.

"Oh, Mr. Blank," she exclaimed, "I've come to change my will."

"What? Again?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I discovered last night that Mrs. —, whom I had intended to leave my diamond tiara to, has been saying spiteful things about my poor, dead husband—said he made his money out of green grocer and an off-beer license—officious creature that she is. I could never rest in my grave if I thought she would benefit a farthing's worth from my death."

"Cross her off the will, please, Mr. Blank, and substitute the name of—let me see, now; whom can I leave the diamond tiara to? Well, I'll think it over tonight and come and see you in the morning."

"And so on," continued the man of law. "That good lady changed her will six times in as many months, and the names in it would have filled a small directory, while the rest of it suggested an auctioneer's catalogue."—London Mail.

Oriental Judgment on Mixed Babies.

The Greek ecclesiastical authorities at Aleppo have been called upon to decide a case which strongly recalls Solomon's famous judgment. By a strange coincidence a woman and her daughter both gave birth to a female child at the same time. But the babies got mixed, and, as one of them was ugly and the other pretty and healthy, both mothers claimed the latter. The elder woman maintained that, as all her other children were handsome, the ugly child could not be hers, while her daughter claimed that, being young, handsome and strong, she could not be the mother of a weak and ugly babe.

The religious chief of the town settled the affair in a summary way. He adjudged the beautiful child to the daughter on the ground that, it being her first, the occasion was not to be made one of humiliation and disappointment, while the elder mother could afford to forego her claim since she had already had several handsome children.—Constantinople Mail.

A Wonder Flower.

The Canadian Manufacturers reports the remarkable phenomenon of the discovery of a flower blooming in a hole in an old iron casting, the flower being in a perfect state of preservation. A workman engaged in breaking up old iron at a foundry in Ontario came across an old wheel that had done service on a stationary engine for many years. On breaking it he discovered in a crevice a flower blossom in perfect condition, its color being as fresh as the day it found its way into its mysterious hiding place. It had evidently fallen into the casting when it was being poured, and in some manner escaped injury from the molten metal. As the cavity was perfectly airtight it naturally retained its freshness until exposed to view.

Her Lucid Reason.

"Don't you wish," he asked, looking soulfully into her eyes, "that the tunnel on this line was ten times as long?" "No," she answered. "It struck him like a dash of cold water in the face. Instantly it dawned upon him that she no longer loved him. "They always light the car lamps when coming to the long tunnels," she added, "and they don't for the short ones."—Chicago Post.

An Unconscious Press Agent.

It was a critic who upon the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Princess theater, London, in 1895, and vehemently protested against the fogging business in the jail scene as being inhuman and untrue to life. However, it was true to life, and the discussion that ensued tended to crowd the theater for many months.

Nobody Missed It.

Hicks—Barry made a bet that every person who came by his fence would touch it and he won.

Wicks—Nonsense! How did it happen?

Hicks—He merely stuck up the sign "Faint," and, of course, everybody considered himself called upon to feel of the fence.—Boston Transcript.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily cured. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Vaccinated the Rifles.

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials that all firearms in the hands of natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Rogers, in Dammarland, however, got along with no trouble. He had inoculated cattle for the rinderpest three years before, as the Damarras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles and to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners and the Damarras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

His Share.

Judge—Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?
Prisoner—It was silver, sor. The guilt was all me own, yer anner-fowlers' Weekly.

Disappointed.

Sylvia—What's the matter? You look as if you had lost your last friend.
Maude—I went to see a fortune teller yesterday, and she told me I was going to marry a tall, dark man. The only real rich fellow I know is dumpy and has red hair.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Drama Up to Date.

"Anything new in that play of 'Macbeth'?"
"Yes. They tied the man on an automobile, wound it up and let it go."—Chicago Record.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we do only what we are strictly obliged to and are seldom much praised for it.—La Bruyere.

Just a Woman's Story

Barth E. Bowen, of Peru, Ind., said: "For eighteen years I suffered with weakness peculiar to my sex. I could neither sleep nor eat well, and was reduced to a mere skeleton. My skin was muddy, my eyes heavy and I was dizzy much of the time. Doctors prescribed for me without avail. Medicine seemed to do me no good. I was at the brink of despair when a friend told me what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had accomplished in a case similar to mine. I bought a box and took them. I bought more and took them until I was well and strong. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People brought me new life and I recommend them to every suffering woman."—From the Republic, Peru, Ind.

Plain Talk to Women, a new book, sent sealed on request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by druggists or by mail, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes \$2.50.

In many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar to itself. It is a medicine as far ahead of the usual preparation as the electric light is ahead of the tallow dip. The ingredients used in making it are selected with the very greatest care, and are gathered for us at the time they possess the greatest remedial value. The peculiar

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a combination of the most potent and purest of the Sarsaparilla, and is known to any other, thus making Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself. The value of this peculiarity is best shown by actual results. And Hood's Sarsaparilla has a record of cures unequalled in medical history. Has more of them, greater successes in serious cases, better general value, unsolicited testimonials than any other medicine in existence. It cures cases of blood diseases, humors, scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other troubles traceable to impure or vitiated blood. Possessing great stomachic qualities, it cures indigestion, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, etc. It builds up the nerves, renews and revivifies brain, nerve and mental strength and cures nervous prostration. As a natural tonic, it strengthens the whole system and cures that tired feeling. It has done all this for others and what it does for others it will do for you. All we ask for Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a necessity, an opportunity and a fair trial. Be sure to get Hood's. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. It never disappoints.

Canada has a forest area estimated at 1,250,000 square miles, or 800,000,000 acres, the largest forest area, so far as the woods of commerce are concerned, of any country of the world. Its forest production is \$85,000,000 annually.

A Vindictive Reptile.

The fer-de-lance is found on the islands of Martinique and Santa Lucia, where the natives counteract its venom with a decoction of jungle henlock, and the basis of its gruesome reputation seems to be the fact that it does not warn the intruders of its haunts, after the manner of the cobra or the rattlesnake, but flattens its coils and, with slightly vibrating tail, awaits events.

If the unsuspecting traveler should show no sign of hostile intent, he may be allowed to pass unharmed within two yards of the coiled matadore, but a closer approach is apt to be construed as a challenge, and the voracious, suddenly rearing its ugly head, may scare the trespasser into some motion of self defense—he may lift his foot or brandish his stick in a menacing manner. If he does, he is lost. The lower coils will extend, bringing the business end, nose and all, a few feet nearer; the head "points" like a leveled rifle, then dart forward with electric swiftness, guided by an unerring instinct for the spot, one of the least protected parts of the body.

And the vindictive brute is ready to repeat its bite. For a moment it rears, back, trembling with excitement, and, if failed by a blow of its victim's stick, will leap away savagely at stumps and stones or even, like a wounded panther, at its own body.—Popular Science Monthly.

FOR A THOROUGH CLEANSING AND BUILDING UP OF YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM TAKE DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

POWERFUL BUT HARMLESS

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Baby's Progress.
Chester M. Murphy is the son of C. M. Murphy, the famous long-distance cyclist. He is now 4 years of age and is considered the fastest cyclist of his age in the world and the most athletic



baby in greater New York. He has ridden a quarter in 48 seconds, which is considered marvelous considering his age. Professor Max Unger held out the boy, mounted on his wheel, with one hand. At 3 years old he could lift his entire upper body through the force of the stomach muscles while he reclined on his back and his father held his feet. He could also do the dip, chin and other athletic feats of the Sargent system in vogue at Harvard.

Young America.

A cute little 3-year-old Cleveland boy is enjoying the sensation of his first pair of trousers, relates the Plain Dealer. Of course the new "panties" are a "wellspring of joy" to the little lad, and he is getting quite round shouldered stooping over to inspect his chubby legs.

A few days ago a closet door was left open, and Master Leonard peeped in. In the closet several pairs of his papa's trousers were hanging, and Leonard caught sight of them.

"Here, mudder, mudder," he suddenly called, "is dese my pants or foder's?"

Some time ago he heard his mother say to his grandmother that she was going to buy some postage stamps for herself and put them away where Leonard's papa couldn't make a practice of borrowing them.

"If I give the letters to him," she laughed, "he will probably carry them around in his pocket a month before he remembers to read them."

Master Leonard heard this conversation, and it didn't please him. The stamps were purchased and laid away in a drawer, and the sharp little eyes noted there whereabouts.

"That evening he climbed on his papa's knees and said:

"Fodder, if oo wants any postage stamps oo tum right to me. I know just where mudder puts 'em, an I ain't doin to see oo cheated!"

A Laughable Child.

A nanteroot once had a child named Smiling Billy Dhu. Who showed gum shoes and always smiled when he had gum to chew.



And so his mother asked a coon to take his photograph. The latter acted like a loon. Because he had to laugh.

He Passed the Star.

The following incident is vouched for by the captain of a New England fishing schooner. One evening just after dusk the captain and his crew went down to supper, the weather being fair, leaving the wheel in charge of the cabin boy. He was a green hand, and the captain before going below said to him, "Boy, steer by yonder star, and you will be all right." But in a short time the boy got the vessel off her course, the consequence being that the star appeared astern instead of ahead. On noticing this the boy sung out: "Hi, captain, come and find me another star! I've passed that one!"

Why a Ship is Called "She."

Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of calling a ship "she" back to the Greeks, who called all ships feminine names, probably out of deference to Athens, goddess of the sea, but the sailor assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is a veritable sweetheart. She possesses a waist, collar, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other feminine valuables.

Tigers and Canaries.

A tiger with a glass eye is in a zoo at Stuttgart, Germany, and looks as fierce with his glass eye as with the real one. A lady in Springfield, Mass., has two canaries which are so old they are both baldheaded. One of them is blind, but they both "peep" a little to reward their kind mistress for her care.

"Boy" MacArthur.

When General Arthur MacArthur was appointed adjutant to the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin volunteers in 1892, he was so small of stature and of voice that he was familiarly known as "The Boy," a name which still sticks to him in the Philippines.

MANY young women are completely prostrated for a week out of every month by menstrual sufferings. The terrors of menstruation overshadow their whole lives. How needless this is in most cases is shown by the thousands of grateful letters constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., from women she has helped.

Miss JOSE SAUL, Dover, Mich., writes as follows to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."

Miss ROSA HELDEN, 136 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in highest terms to all sick women."

Pain leaves its mark. Faces become pale and thin. Features grow sharp and haggard. The stamp of suffering is unmistakable. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid. Her experience is the widest in the world and her advice is free.

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A Silent Rebuke.

A curly haired small boy sat in the fourteenth street car just at the time of the day when the cars are most crowded on Thursday afternoon. A worn looking woman, evidently his mother, sat beside him. At Fifteenth street a particularly buxom woman of middle age crowded into the car. There was no seat for her, and she stood glaring at the boy. Later her displeasure vented itself in words, and she expressed herself freely to the woman who stood next her about women who let their children occupy seats while ladies are standing. The worn looking woman flushed, but made no move to have the boy surrender his seat. The buxom woman still glared and still expressed herself with extreme frankness. The boy sat still. At N street the mother rang the bell. As the car stopped she put her arms around the boy and lifted him to his feet, half carrying him to the door.

"Won't you take this seat?" she said to the buxom woman. "I am just taking him home from the hospital."

And as the car rolled on the buxom woman looked warmer than the weather warranted.—Washington Post.

Don't For the Dirty Ones.

"In several of the provincial towns," writes Mr. Ransome, "one of the principal and certain of the foreign have a foreign side. The European accommodation in such places is, as a rule, terrible. The rooms are dirty, the beds are rickety, the bedclothes are apparent, seldom washed and the ta-

bles and chairs are seldom capable of standing on more than two legs at a time.

"When I first went to Japan I could not understand how, on the foreign side of the Japanese hotels, the accommodations could be so inferior, when the Japanese portion was kept scrupulously clean. One would naturally think that a people whose houses were so spotless would revolt at having a portion of their premises in a filthy condition."

"But, as explained to me by the landlord of one of these hybrid establishments: 'Foreigners are dirty by nature. They go about their houses in their boots, and consequently they cannot wish to have their rooms kept in proper condition.'"—Literature.

The Barber Was a Night.

"After being shaved," in a Chicago hotel barber shop," said the man from South Bend, "I walked out and down the street and entered another shop and took a chair. The barber lathered and I was shaved without a word, and 15 minutes later I submitted myself to a third. He lathered and shaved as if I had not been shaved for a month, and just as he took up the razor I asked:

"Didn't you notice that I had been shaved twice already this morning?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"But you are going to shave me again?"

"No, sir. I supposed you came in here to get the skin taken off and part with some of your cheek!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.